

She kneels in front of him in the TARDIS's control room.

"I am the Doctor, and you are my Companion."

"Yes, Doctor."

"And what does this mean for you?" he queries, testing her.

"It means I obey you, Doctor. I go wherever you go."

"Yes, my girl. Yes it does."

Reaching down with his hand, he pulls her off her knees and looks deep in her eyes, looking through them, clear into her soul. All she can do is stand there and shiver while the diminutive man with the distinguished face in eccentric garb searches her self.

He paces slowly in front of her, never taking his eyes off of his Companion. "You know me. You know my power. You know my propensity for making things happen... my way. And it is because of THIS... this is why you will serve me. This is why you will obey."

"Of course, Doctor. I serve you because you are The Doctor, and I am your Companion."

"When I say strrrrip," he commands, rolling his Rs in that distinctive way he has. "...you strip."

"Of course, Doctor."

She takes off her clothes, slowly. The Doctor watches, savoring the removal of the fabric from her body. Folding her clothes neatly, she takes them and places them on the TARDIS console.

Standing before him, he slowly walks around her, observing her, taking in every inch of her body. Reaching his starting point, he stops... smiles. He smiles that grin of his, that grin that means so many things at once.

"Beautiful."

"Thank you, Doctor. You flatter me."

The Doctor gets a thoughtful look on his face. "So far, all the commands I've given you have been simple, easy tasks. What if I were to ask more of you, my girl?"

"I would obey, my Doctor."

"Rrreally? Would you?" She nods.

"Let's find out, shall we?"

The Doctor digs around in his pocket, pulls out a short leash. He holds it in his hands... looks at it... looks at her neck She swallows, nervously, her eyes not moving from the long strap of leather.

His expression changes. "I... I have another idea. Put your hands on the console and bend over."

"Doctor??"

"You heard me, girl."

She swallows, nods, and assumes the position. Striding behind her with confident steps, he approaches her, and takes his hand and gently strokes her rear with it.

"Ooh... lovely. Such smooth skin."

"Thank you, Doctor."

He hangs his umbrella off of one of her outstretched arms, takes the leash and wraps it around his hand a few times, so there's just a bit of leather hanging out on the end.

"You are aware that I am the Doctor... YOUR Doctor... whether you like or not."

"And what if I don't like it?"

"Then you will be punished."

"Punished?"

"Indeed. Punished." He takes the end of the leash, raises his arm, and smacks it against her bottom.

THWACK!

"AAH!" She cries out in pain. The Doctor chuckles, smiling. He waits a few seconds for the pain to subside and hits her other cheek with it.

THWACK! Another cry of pain, another smile.

He continues this way for a while, starting out more lightly, working his way up to heavier strokes. She cries out in pain at first, but after a while, starts to wiggle her ass into it more. The Doctor notices the wiggling, states "Oh... Do you like that, Girl? Do you like getting smacked on the bottom like that? You know what that means, don't you, girl?"

"What, Doctor?"

"You're one of those prrrreverts!"

"NO!" she protests "No, I'm not! I'm a good girl!"

"Yes, actually, you are a good girl. Because I am your Doctor, and you are obeying me."

He hits her with a very hard THWACK. She screams, but then moans in pleasure.

He steps back, admires his handiwork. A pink bottom, with darker red spots where the blows were harder than others. "Such lovely stripes on your bottom, girl. You rrreally should see them."

The Doctor continues to talk while unwrapping the leash from his hands.

"Ahh, there's nothing like the fresh marks on a Companion's bottom. Oh, I can rrremember the marks that I gave... oh, who was that?... that one time. Took a photograph of those, I did. Black and blue. She couldn't sit for a week, the poor girl."

His Companion whimpers.

"My my my... THAT was a lovely sound. Do it again."

"Hmm?"

"I said..." he gets stern, striding over to her, taking her chin in his hand, forcing her to look at him. "Do it again."

She whimpers again, a long whimper, from in her throat.

The Doctor chuckles... "Such a pretty whimper from such a pretty Companion." He strokes her cheek. She leans into his touch, desperately craving those large hands on her.

"Stand," he commands. She does so, obediently.

He strides over to her, grabs her by the hair, and plants a bruising, punishing kiss on her lips. His tongue invades her mouth, plunging in and taking over, searching every corner.

He pulls back, still holding on to her hair. She's breathless, and he chuckles. "Ah, humans. Can hardly hold their brrreath."

He takes the leash, throws it around her neck, takes the connector end

and puts it through the loop end, fastening it around her. Pulling it taut, but not too taut, he smiles at her.

"And why am I doing this, girl?"

"Because I am your Companion and you are my Doctor. You are asserting your ownership over me, Doctor."

"Very good! I knew I didn't pick a daft one, girl." She smiles at him.

Gently tugging on the leash, he commands "Come. Follow me, Companion. There's somewhere I want you to see." He leads her down one of the TARDIS's myriad hallways, taking her to the dungeon that exists just for times like these.